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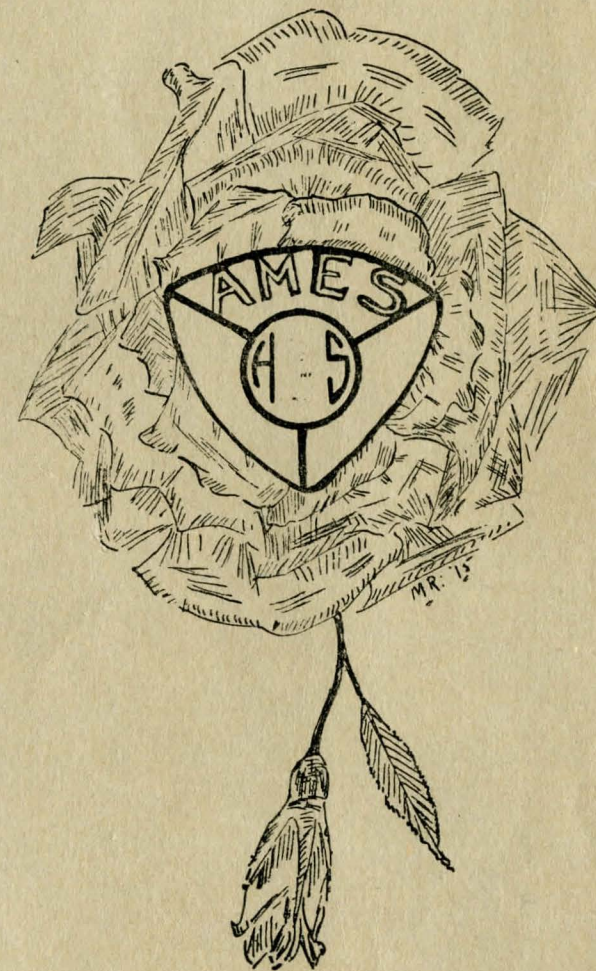
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THE SPIRIT



SPRING ISSUE

APRIL, 1920

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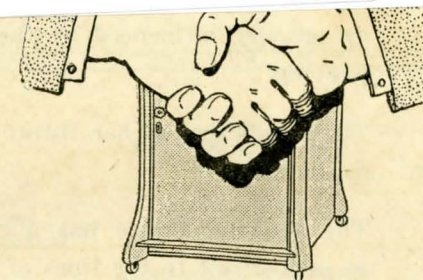


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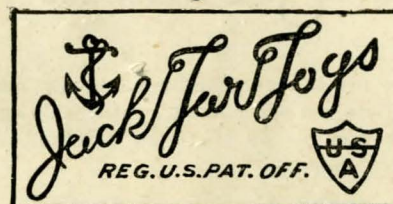
There has been an all too prevalent opinion that any kind of a corset was good enough for the first one, but little girls will grow into big girls, and while they are doing so their figures are greatly influenced by the corset they are wearing.

The foundation of her future begins with her first corset.

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THE SPIRIT

VOL. 9

AMES, HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NOS. 13-14

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APRIL 26, 1920

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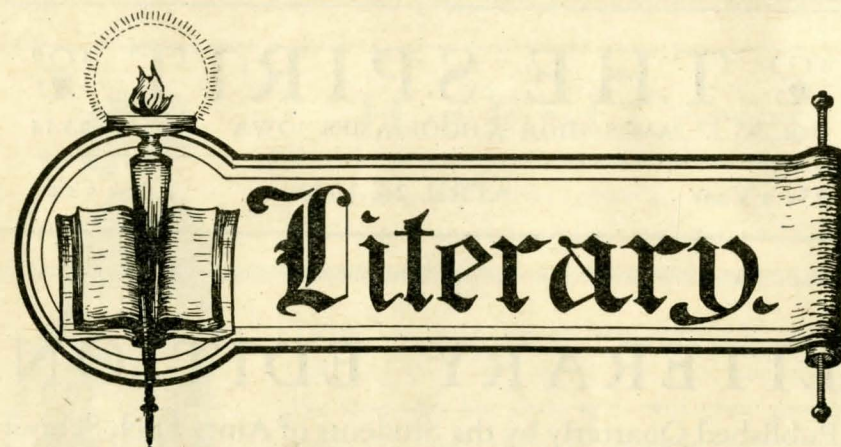
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DIARY CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE

DIARY OF NEACHEE CAMPFIRE

August 28-31, 1919

August 28.—Hurrah! Curtis Cottage forever! Hail, hail, the gang's all here! Etc. Some of us came out on the interurban this morning, looking like regular frumps with our camping truck in various bags, suitcases and blanket rolls, and wearing the rest. From the looks of our togs you could easily tell the most of us had taken gym in our day. But the people on the car didn't mistake us for newly escaped people from Cherokee, because we gave them several Neachee yells and our songs before we left the car at Rockwood.

It didn't take us long to show the little cottage that we loved every stick of wood in it. We climbed to the top bunk and talked over our last trip there and we were jabbering so hard when "M. T." arrived she didn't know whether to go or stay. We set up camp in about two jerks and formed a bucket brigade and all went after water to a farm a mile away—the happiest bunch in the U. S. A. Didn't know I was a poet, did you, Diary? I'm not going to waste time writing about meals or dishes or what our work was, but just say that we had good meals, and nobody was afraid of his share of the work. Today we are just lounging around, now, having a "Quiet hour." Mary and Babs have just performed one of the Katzenjammer stunts; they got up on the roof and told us to look at them through

the chimney of the fire place. As we did a pail of sooty water descended, much to our surprise. The interurban whistled—I must go and help wave to it as it goes by.

August 29.—It has been just twenty-four hours since I wrote in here but I could write volumes on what has happened during that time. Last night we went serenading our farmer neighbors. One uke and ten pairs of lungs can make quite a noise, I assure you. At one farm place we sat on an old hayrack with an old lantern in the middle—and the people had gone to bed so we sang to give them an awakening. Their dog didn't like it so we hurried away.

The next house we came to contained some very hospitable people. They invited us in and we used their piano and our feet to good advantage. After an hour's stay in a real house we heard the call of the woods so we sang them some old favorites and of course, "A Long Long Trail" to start home on. The trail was pretty dark and crooked thru the woods and we stayed in a compact bunch all the way. We arrived at the cottage wide-eyed and shaky and built a huge bon-fire to scare off mosquitoes and things. Our cots, Diary, are all in a row right out under the stars and trees (we drew cuts to see who would get to sleep on the middlest cots) Dove said she wasn't going to go to sleep that night, "Not with all those tree-e-s around." But we did go to sleep, that is, till the darkest part of the night, just before the dawn. What woke us up was a man staggering around from tree to tree out at the edge of camp. He would come up quite close and

then disappear, and then turn up some place else. We were scared green. Soon we could see men everywhere, oh, oodles of them! But of course there was only one. "M. T." was the only good scout in the bunch and she shouted out to ask him what he wanted. He said he was waiting for his "pardner" That was the last straw for most of us, but M. T. jumped up and started chasing him. We implored and beseeched her to come back but she was so brave a few of us took heart and pretended to chase also. But he wasn't the chaseable kind, just stood still and laughed. That laugh though, was Agnes Noble's—and come to find out, it was just Agnes dressed up! O course we couldn't sleep any more then.

This morning we went exploring. We found a nice little country school house which Bobs entered thru the transem to open the window for the rest of us. We found the school ledger and wrote the pupils a nice long letter full of Ltain(?) so they would know we were well educated. At the last we asked them to visit us at our home on Fifth Ave., New York City. Wasn't that kind, Diary? I wonder if they will ever see that letter.

About all we have done today is to laugh over last night's scare. Ethelyn and Jennie (M. T.'s sister) weren't here last night so we're going to scare them tonite the same way. We have it all planned.

Elizabeth and Neva brought company out this afternoon in a big car. When the visitors went back we draped ourselves around the fenders, lamps, top, etc., and rode at the rate of 40m. per h. to the suburbs of our native city and then walked back to camp on the ruben track. We had to walk across that long trestle too and of course a car turned up opportunely before we got to the other side.

When we reached home we had a meeting of the Ladies Aid—but my pencil is wearing out so I must stop.

August 30.—Our scare was so real last night we frightened ourselves all over again. Last night M. T. stayed in town so Aunt Jennie was our guardian for the night, and what she said when we "woke up" and pointed out the "man" would disgrace your pages, Diary. Betty was equally frightened to our delight. Dove snickered out loud

once and Betty said, "Don't laugh—this is serious!" Dove said she wasn't laughing, but crying, so Betty promptly tuned up. Fun? No end of it! ! !

This being Sunday, we filled the morning out by milking cows and climbing trees alternately, and having Sunday school of our own and picking chickens for our dinner. This afternoon Mr. Zenor, an awfully nice man, came out to see M. T. Just for fun we called them "Papa Floyd" and "Mama Mary". To-night we had a ceremonial around the camp fire we had three visitors and I was rather nervous because I had to make a little "speech."

But at last it was over and we sang songs and swallowed hard.

Know why? and oh, what Dovie and I saw! It was better than any movie or play, because it was real.

August 31.—This is Monday night and tomorrow is our last day here—Oh, woe!

Mama and Papa Floyd, Aunt Jennie and Uncle Jim went to Des Moines to the auto show this morning and we are all by our lonesomes. The car was about to start, when what do you think we saw? A brand new beautiful diamond ring on our M. T.'s hand! We gave a whoop then, Diary, that outclassed any the Indians could have given when they inhabited those woods. With celestial faces and romantic air we hunted in the ashes of our fire and found some lovely charcoal with which we re-christened our "Rockwood" sign, "Lovewood" because the romance had developed right under our very noses. We're mighty proud of our match, Diary.

We thought we would have a celebration when they came home tonight, so we took thirty-five cents and started out to find or buy a watermelon. We hadn't gone far when we met a man in a Ford so we hopped onto our favorite fenders, lamps, etc., and proceeded to have a ride. We truly expected to get off shortly, but our thots were too taken up with our romance, and we rode seven miles to Napier, Iowa. We walked thru corn-fields and apple-orchards and down the track till we came to Kelley where we thot maybe we could jimmie the motorman of one of the interurbans into letting us ride home for 0. It was no use so we blew a few cents for some ginger-

snaps, crackers, canned meat, pickles and candy. I'm not saying we bought all of that for thirty-five cents; our huge bouquets of goldenrod and thistles helped out and our utterly starved appearance also. A tall young man whom we named Uncle Slim bought us the candy, for which we were very thankful. Somebody gave us a dollar so we did ride home after all and had forty cents left which made us five cents richer than when we started out. But we didn't have any watermelon to celebrate with so we made some taffy (awful stuff), which is now reclining in Agnes's wonderful hand-made refrigerator, awaiting the return of the engaged prodigals.

September 1.—We had to break up camp today to go home and classify for school. Oh, how we hated to leave "Lovewood" for school! Something always takes the joy out of life, doesn't it, Diary?

—Marjorie Beam '21

SECOND PRIZE

DIARY OF A SMALL BOY

Monday, April—Got up at 6:00. Ma made me chop a woodbox full o' wood fore I could eat nothin'. Said I was most a man. Skinny was just startin' fishin'. Gee, and all them leaves to rake. Just why I'd like ter know do boys have to work when it's good fishin' weather. Hope it rains pitch forks an hammer handles next Sunday, then I kin go fishin' when Ma thinks I'm to church.

Skinny's goat joined the deceased yesterday. Always had to stick a pin in his ear to make him go any where but he died with out its help. Gee, Dad let me go to Kelley with him today. Went to the zoo in Grand Central park and got to ride on a street car.

Here comes Ma. Good nite.

Wed.—Gee, didn't know whether I'd ever view this earth below again or not. Measels ain't no fun. Wisht Kelley was in a pest house. Now I got to feel miserable for 2 or 3 weeks till the measels is out of my system.

Ma give me a quarter for taking my medicine so it ain't so bad to be sick. Let's see at 3 times a day for 3 weeks ought to net 5 and a quarter. Here comes Nurse so gotta be sick, so long.

Fri.—Gee, Skinny just went by with his

fishin' rod. Hope he don't ketch none, mean old tormentor.

Oh, gee, said he'd bring me one if he did. He ain't so bad after all, is he? Maybe I could coax Ma to let me eat a fried fish for supper. Poked poached eggs at me till I could cackle.

Monday—Been so busy getting well I forgot my Diety. But will try to make up for lost time. Ma says I'm kanvalessing or some other high sounding word for getting well. I do believe I'll be too weak to chop wood for several weeks. Just eat and rest the Doctor-said. You bet, that's me all over!

Tues.—Some new folks has moved in across the street. A most beautiful curly haired little girl. Eliza Beth. Her Mother calls her Eliza-Beth. Has the littlest dog I ever saw. She takes it out walkin' every day. Lucky dag! An' I'm all thin and white and will be for weeks. Huh! I'll be good lookin' again some day. She thinks I'm a invalid guy. Gory, wisht she'd call on this invalid. Guess I'll get a fever and make them bring her over to save my life. Cosh, I believe I will!

Wed.—Mail man dropped a great big box on the porch. Gee, it was big enough to hold a circus. Wasn't nothin' only part of sis's trooso. I forgot to mention she's going to be married next week. I hear it mentioned so much. I thot the whole world knew it. She's so important acting, makes me wash the dishes cause hot water makes her hands red. She mustn't get the least bit tired or nervous cause she must look her best. The other nite George, he's only the bridegroom gonna be, brought Sis some flowers. They was awful fresh and nice and Sis, getting poetical says, "Those flowers are fresh and wet. There must be some dew on them yet" George got awful red and coughed. "Well," he says, "there is a small some but I'll pay it off by Saturday nite." And ma sent me to bed cause I laughed.

Sis was practicing the ceremony with me today but when it came to that kissin' business I balked. Sis said it would have been alright if she had been Eliza Beth. Well, maybe it would, I ain't a saying! Sis was trying her veil this morning and Gee, but it's thin stuff. "Why don't you get a real heavy one" I says. Gee, I sure had to

dodge out of the door quick. When the coast was clear I ran back and says, "I never meant nothin' Sis only it wuold wear better." "Wearing qualities of a wedding veil are of extreme significance," says Sis putting all her four years of college in that one sentence. "Mother, don't you thing I need a new pompador for the wedding?" pipes Sister's voice this morning at the breakfast table. Golly, I nearly choked on the half pancake I was puttin' in my mouth. Ma being occupied with Sis's speech. "What chu gettin' George a wig for?" "Make that tire-some boy be still," says Sis rather peevish, so I finishes my cake in haste and just outside the door I says, "Tell you what, it would be cheaper to buy a hair mattress."

—Marjorie French '21

A PIECE OF MY DIARY

July Second—Dora, Marion, Dorothy and I took in a baseball game this afternoon, on our horses. The game wasn't on horses, we were. Florence was beaten by Corvallis 11 to 10. Wasn't so bad. It was too hot a day for a baseball game to interest me much. I got cooled off after the game tho. The whole gang of us started after the cows. The creek is pretty high and the banks are muddy and slippery. Babe, the horse, decided to go the other way just as we reached the bank of the creek. I had other ideas as to direction, consequently, Babe whirled. She caught her hind feet and slid into the water. Element of suspense? I'd say it was for me. Of course I went in too, or rather she went in too, for I was first and she on top of me. It didn't take her long to get up, but she wasn't extremely careful with her feet. I had her shod yesterday, and those sharp corks didn't feel like velvet on my foot. It seemed hours (but I guess it was only a couple of seconds) before she moved. I felt like a wet dishrag and I expect I looked like one, too, but I got on again and we got the cows. I don't think the horse liked the drowning game either. I hope not anyway, for I'm not overly anxious for her to try it again.

July Third—Viola came up from Missoula last night. She, Dora, and I packed a lunch, saddled some horses, and left for Eight Mile. We took our cameras (I fell heir to the job of carrying them because

Viola isn't used to riding and Dora had to carry the cream) We got to where the trail leaves the creek about two o'clock. Dora and I cut some willows and went fishing while Viola started the fire. It didn't take us long to catch a half dozen trout. We held them over the fire by means of sticks. Yes, they got done this time. I believe I'm beginning to like half raw fish anyway, I'm getting so used to them. Wasps got into the coffee, but we "scooped" them out and the coffee was as good as ever. When the horses had cooled off, we fed them their oats. While they were eating, we took pictures. Then we saddled the horses again and took a trail that crosses over into Wood Chuck Valley. We went up this valley to the new saw mill site. We could have gone to the cook house and swiped some eats but we were too interested in the fiddles and banjos that were playing popular pieces. That camp is a lively place. We went

OVER THE TOP

of a saw dust pile, and started home. It was dark before we got out of the canyon, and the coyotes howled, but we kept in high spirits by our everlasting silliness. We are all here now tho, a tired bunch, but we are going again soon.

July Fourth—We went to the North Western Stampede at Missoula today. The first thing was a parade made up of every person and everything that took part in the stampede. There were Indian races, relay races, steer throwing, broncho busting, and (supposed to be) buffalo riding. In the relay races they changed horses but kept the same saddle. They weren't jockey saddles either and they certainly did some quick saddling. A little girl from California won the girls' relay. "Tex" McCloud (the world's best roper) put on some stunts. Bill Macv was going to ride one of the buffalo, but the buffalo broke lose, and plunged thru the fence and into the crowd in front of the grand stand. I think no serious injuries resulted. One of the bronchos was a genuine buckner and the cow boy fell off. The horse tramped on him and killed him. To-nite, there was a frontier town rigged up on a vacant lot on Higgins Avenue. The "town" was walled with logs and had heavy plank gates. Inside were gambling dens, side shows, and a merry-go-round. I may

be misinformed, but it is my opinion that a merry-go-round was seldom included in the little western town where gambling dens prevailed. However, we all had a good time and it was an exciting day for all Western Montana.
—Kathryn Logan '20.

"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DIARY"—A CUR

April 1, 1920—One of the utterly impossible happened to me today—I got fooled. A neighbor boy gave me a nice piece of meat filled with red pepper. I can't say that I've ever been fooled before and I shan't be fooled again.

So long, here comes old Spare-Ribs. Guess I'll see what the latest dog talk is.

April 2, 1920—Having nothing to do this forenoon I indulged in a race with my tail. At the end of the tournament I was only two inches behind.

April 3, 1920—Bobette, the lady next door, has some "lovely" pups. But I can't see that they are very lovely. When pups whose feet and heads are three times larger than the rest of their young-selves receive the name of "lovely" then I don't know the meaning of dog language.

April 4, 1920—Spare-Ribs and I had quite a lengthy talk on the way back from the stock-yards today. He has some clever ideas.

For instance, we know where there are some delicious old bones buried but there is so much dirt and junk over them that it would be a long hard job for us to unearth them. Spare-Ribs has suggested that we borrow Bobette's tribe of pups and put them to work. They have such huge paws that they would clear the dirt away in no time.

Thank my lucky dog-stars Spare-Ribs is going to speak to Bobette. I'd hate to talk to that creature. She thinks she is better than the common lot of curs for some place in her ancestry there was a famous sheep dog. Oh, well, I should worry! It doesn't spoil my appetite.

April 5, 1920—I gave that young spaniel his last warning today about walking on my side of the street. If he doesn't pay attention to me I'll pull enough hair off of him to make a hair mattress for the overgrown poodle that exists at the next house.

Speaking of poodles. Aren't they a slam to the whole dog race? Imagine them tied

on the end of a pink ribbon and being escorted around the block daily for exercise! The very idea! !

April 10, 1920—This is the first time I've been able to be around since Monday evening. I was trotting along the road when a miserable flea commenced to make mince meat of my back. I stopped in the street and was intently engaged in dislocating the insect when a car came along and struck me.

I managed to get as far as the porch steps somehow and good Mr. Briggs found me. He carried me to my bed in the barn and doctored me.

For two days I felt like one of these Russian Wolf hounds look—kind of drawn out and flat. I commenced to eat a little the third day and from that time on I got better. It was a close call and I hope that flea will suffer untold agonies.

April 11, 1920—Had quite a game of tag today with Gravy and Willie Jones' cap. Gravy chased me all over to get Willie's cap but he didn't succeed until the cap was in rags.

Honestly that Willie is the biggest cry baby I've ever seen. He stood on the sidewalk and howled a tune no dog could ever hope to possess. I think I'll ask him to attend our next howl-fest to be given in honor of two old Tomcats who live in our alley.

April 12, 1920—Madame Pussyfoot tried to throw her pincushion at me today. She did succeed in giving me a scratch on the nose but none of the other dogs will notice it. Believe me, I'll get even with that fur coated, pin cushioned piece of treachery. She used to be friendly when I was in my puphood.

April 13, 1920—So many exciting things happen that my paw would give out if I tried to write them all so I'll just tell the most important.

I was sleeping today as usual dreaming dreams, when I chanced to overhear Gravy talking to himself. He is actually planning on eloping with the new dog in town. I was never more surprised in my life.

Had a lovely dream today. Dreamt I was sitting beneath a sausage machine eating all my enemies flavored with tomcats.

April 14, 1920—My fleas are very troublesome these days. Heretofore they have

been subdued without much scratching but today I spent a full hour tearing them from my hide. I think some of them must belong to Spare-Ribs. He says his are so stubborn.

April 15, 1920—Hank, one of my speaking acquaintances got the worst of a fight and I went over to cheer him up today. He looks pretty tough and it will be a long time before he walks on four legs again.

One ear is completely wrecked, his left eye is swelled shut, a hind leg is useless, and the other practically so. The hair on his back wouldn't shelter a medium sized family of fleas and he has lost his appetite. In my mind a dog is all in when he loses his appetite.

April 16, 1920—I'm impatiently waiting for the old rooster to get through refreshing himself in my mirror. I've got to get fixed up for the howl-fest this evening. I do wish he would quit drinking all the water from the bucket.

Oh, Dog! I've got a date with a mighty nice little Collie up the alley. I beat Grave's time and she's going with me tonight. I'm not as slow as I look even if my tail is cut short and my ears are cut long!

Wish me success with my Collie Queen! I'll feast her on delicious bones and dried chicken wing.

—Neva Spence '21

DAYS GONE BY

Thursday, November 27, 1919—Thanksgiving day! ! ! Started to snow. I'm starting my diary today because it is the nite of my first date in high school. Went to show in afternoon. Saw the cutest guy from Kelley. I'm crazy about him. I almost fell over dead when—who called up but Aubrey Smart for a date to go to a dance? I was a little shy, but since I am a freshman and he is too, it's alright. He is a dream. I hope he calls again.

Friday, November 28, 1919—Colder than blue blazes, Oh, that "Obb". I even dreamed about him last night. School today, but it sure is stale. Miss Britton must have been up late last night as she is pretty crabby. Went to the show with the freshman gang.

Saturday, November 29, 1919—I got up at 7:30. Helped mother. Went down town in afternoon and as I went to cross the railroad track a train hit me but it didn't hurt.

Wish I had a date like the upper classmen do.

Sunday, November 30, 1919—Grandpa's birthday. Went to Sunday school. I saw one of the kids that said "Obb" didn't like me because I stepped on his toes. Too Bad! Never again! ! Played with my brother's gun and shot my thumb. Mama got the arnica salve and it is alright. Wrote a letter.

Monday, December 1, 1919—Mr. Steffey is sick—he gave me an admittance to my class when I was late. I got a good look at Earl Elliot in the face and he isn't near as good-looking as everybody lets on. Little Sister got something in her eye today. Max Beman went to Nevada last nite. I wish he would stay at home.

Tuesday, December 2, 1920—Went to school. Had to feed the chickens cause Dad don't feel good this morning. Didn't have time to get my English but I'll tell her I left it home and will give it to her in the morning. Bud and Obb smiled at me this morning. I went to bed early because I wanted to get some sleep ahead so that if ever I have a young man caller, I can stay awake.

Wednesday, December 3, 1920—School as usual. Albert Tesdall wanted me to go to the show after school but I had to make up a perfect test in Latin. We had the best dinner today. It was sauer kraut and spare ribs and pie plant pie. Mother said about six o'clock that if I would be real careful and not run into the curb with the Packard I could go after Dad. I got along just fine.

FOUR MONTHS LATER

Thursday, April 29, 1920—Went to school and had all of my lessons. I have four dates tonite with Sid, Les Hoon, Roy Bennett, and George Dunlap, but I took Sid so I thought the rest wouldn't be mad then. The house caught on fire today and believe me, I sure had to hustle to get it put out.

Friday, April 30, 1920—Took some pictures at school today. We played ball after school and not being used to it I didn't "ketch it wight", and I think I broke my middle finger on the right hand at the first knuckle. I had a date with Norman C. He sure is the swellest kid I ever went with.

Saturday, May 1, 1920—Got up at 11:30. Went to show in afternoon and studied so I wouldn't have to Sunday. I went down town at night and saw all of the guys. I

saw Estey and Mary, but I didn't want a date.

Sunday, May 2, 1920—Went to Sunday school and then went riding. It was hot out-doors. A bunch of kids up for dinner and supper. All of us had dates. We made waffles and gee! they were good. We put fruit coloring in them too. Have had awfully good time lately. I wonder if we are beating the Junior girls time? ? ? ?

END

DIARY OF A FORD RUNABOUT ANY WEEK IN THE SPRING

Sunday, April 4—Easter—that means a bath. Early this morning out came a boy with a pail and hose, etc., saying something about having to clean the Lizzie up on Sunday being a crime. He cleaned me up and we went to church altho I thought I had colic in my carburetor. Bus, he's my owner, met Tom at Sunday school and I heard them talking about a little girl named Mary and somebody else that ought to go riding in me after awhile. Sure enuf I had to haul all four around until 12:30 P. M. and I am supposed to hold but two. Oof! Went out again in afternoon and evening with the same bunch. I'd hate to tell what I saw and heard.

Monday, April 5—Thank the God of Fords today is a school day again for that idiotic crowd. I didn't work 'tall today until evening, when Bus took me out for exercise and gas, water, air, etc. Feeling much better, altho that young reprobate had to go over to sumpin' or other and haul home six young ladies who lived all over the universe. A pretty quiet day, however!

Tuesday, April 6—Nothing doing today. I developed a broken crank shaft down in my inwards so got to have a glorious rest altho I had occasional pains in my lower regions.

Wednesday, April 7—Well, I sure got it today. Got hauled down town and opened up. A greasy looking guy took a can opener and a case knife and immediately set to work. Lying under me, I thought I would drop a little oil on him and upon doing so heard him emit various expressions I can't write here. That quart or two of oil served him right for insulting me with a can opener. I demand respect even tho I am made

of tin. They ended up by casting a new engine out of some old eaves troughs and now I feel wonderful. Bus drove me home and incidentally sneaked out past 139 N. Lincoln Way.

Friday, April 9—I strike for shorter hours and more gas. Bus ran me almost dry last night and he can't get more till tomorrow. Slept most of the day and rested.

Sunday, April 11—Well, Sunday again. I s'pose I'll have to go out for the regular ride. (Later) I did all right. The fellers had a couple of new young ladies today. I wonder who they were. I'll tell Mary to watch her lamb pretty close or she'll lose him.

AND SO ON

—C. C. '20.

SPRING

Oh, spring is here at last,

And we are glad to see it come.

As the warm south wind blows soft

Bold winter has to run.

The soft grey pussies are springing out

Into the bright spring air;

Just as the wild animal, as he awakes,

Comes out of his winter lair.

The violets are peeping thru,

And soon their blossoms we shall see;

Not long will we need to wait,

And then how happy everyone will be.

Oh, isn't it fine to be alive

And away from winter's grind?

Let's go to the woods for just a day

And leave the world behind.

H. B. M. '20

Willie—Can I go and play now?

Mother—What? with those holes in your trousers?

Willie—No, with the boy next door.

Bob—Say, can you wiggle your ears? I can.

Shrimp—Don't betray your ancestry, old fellow.

Miss Kelly—Seen Al?

Miss Miller—Al who?

Miss K.—Alcohol, kerosene him the sixteenth and he hasn't benzene since.

SHORT STORIES

MARSHALL OLDLODGE

Not many years ago in the broad valley of the White River, so called because of the magnesia from the bad lands, lived a great many Sioux Indians. On either side of this river was a large expanse of land which was bounded both on the north and the south by tall, steep, rugged looking hills.

Upon looking over this broad valley from a higher point you could see great herds of cattle, and horses grazing here and there in the tall, green grass. They appeared as far up the valley and as far down as one could see. One could also see numerous little log huts and tents in some nook surrounded by bushes or under some towering tree that spread its limbs far out and protected them from the intense heat of summer. Occasionally you might see what appeared to be a large hut but in fact was what they call their summer tepee. It is but the frame work of a log hut covered with leaves and vines to keep out the sun.

This valley was hemmed in on all sides with only one exception, and this was a little valley which opened into a large valley through a gap which was called Buffalo Gap. This creek extended far up into the farming district which was inhabited and farmed by the whites.

The most fertile and richest grazing lands were inherited by a young Indian half breed whose name was Marshall Oldlodge. He, being very ambitious and a hard worker, was not liked by those Indians who lived in the big valley. But he was very well thought of by the surrounding neighborhood and there was not a one who would not speak a good word for him, for he was very neat appearing and was honest, which cannot be said of many Sioux Indians.

Marshall was a married man with two children. His wife was a French girl formerly named Valera Roserer, who was not only a beautiful woman, but very well educated. She had always lived among the Indians except while going to school at a Government Agency not far away. She had then returned and married Marshall. The little girl's name was Elsie and the little

boy's name was Marshall Jr., and you may be sure that they were very happy for they received everything that money could buy. If you had happened to pass by at any time they would run and call in Indian, "How-a-Cola", which means hello or goodmorning. Then the little boy would run about swinging his lasso over his head while the little girl would give the war chant.

For a number of years this happy little family lived in the little valley with a very large number of cattle and many horses, both of which were of select herds of beautiful type.

But early in the spring of 1917 the little boy, Marshall Jr., was trampled to death by a stampede of cattle caused by a landslide off a towering cliff near by. Then more sad than ever came the death of Marshall himself, in midsummer caused by consumption which is very common among the Sioux Indians.

Just one year from that time Mrs. Oldlodge was burned to death by the explosion of a gasoline stove. Thus all that was left of this once happy little family was Elsie, the daughter.

The farmers of that vicinity, taken by pity for the little girl, have placed her in a very good school, and she is now a Sophomore of High School. She is not only very attractive and beautiful, but very sensible and ambitious, qualities inherited from her father. She is the last of the Oldlodge family as Uncas was the last of the Mohicans.

And I often recollect with sadness the early destinies of the other members of that little family and wonder why the Great White Spirit called them away from her side.

"Let us hear from you."

"If you have a bit of news,

Send it in.

Or a joke that will amuse,

Send it in.

A story that is true,

An incident that's new,

We want to hear from you!

Send it in.

Will the story make us laugh?

Send it in."

JIMMY'S FIRST DATE

"Gee whiz! Ma, ain't supper ready yet? Seems to me it's takin' you twice as long as it usually does."

The person addressed appeared in the doorway to the dining room, eyed her impatient son sharply, then said:

"It isn't very often that you are in such a hurry for supper and, as it is, it is half an hour until time for supper. Is there a base ball game, picture show, or what—after supper?"

At the mention of show, the newspaper which Jimmy held was thrust in front of his face and when Jimmy raised enough courage to reply his voice seemed full of vacant spots.

"A-w! 'snothin'—o-only—well." Just here, Jimmy's big sister Ruth entered the room. She was eternally teasing him about the girls and especially if she saw his red face—which she did the very first pop out of the box.

"What is the matter with your face, Jimmy? It is so pink! Have you fever? Better send for the doctor, mother, or it may be the undertaker, if we wait too long. (She gave her mother a sly wink and continued) Shame, Jim—I really never knew a boy could blush so before. Just look at him, mother."

Before Ruth had finished with her joking, Jimmy bounded out of the room, letting out a whoop as he went, and when he shut the door to his room up stairs, the whole house was in danger of tumbling into ruins.

Ruth and mother looked at each other and then burst out laughing. Mother was the first to recover, and said, "What on earth is the matter with that boy? Is he ill? You mentioned something about his having a feverish look—but I know that isn't it. I believe I recognize the symptoms to be—well, there is a girl in the web somewhere or he wouldn't have acted as he did."

In a very few minutes supper was announced to the unseen Jimmy.

When supper was nearly eaten, Jimmy appeared, dressed in his best suit and flashiest tie, his face really clean, for once, and his hair combed back, sleek as a cat's.

All the family—which consisted of Ruth, Jean, a younger sister, Terry, a younger brother, Pa and Ma—stared at Jimmy as

if he were a stranger, for the change indeed was great.

Pa broke the silence by saying, "Well, and what's the great idea? Going courting already so young?" With a wink at mother.

"Dad winked at Ma, Jimmy, 'cause I saw him," piped up Terry.

It was Ruth's turn next and she succeeded in "spilling the beans". "You hit the nail on the head the very first time, Father, for the charming young gallant, Jimmy Barton, is faring forth into unknown realms to seek his fair Isabella and take her to witness Constance Talmadge in "Puppy Love." I'd let him go, Dad, for it might do them both some good."

Why under the sun did Sis always have to be so dramatic? It didn't fit in here, and Jimmy was tired of his sister's joking so he exploded suddenly, "Say, Sis, you shut up, will you? Fermez votre bush, as you say."

Then followed some fatherly advice and comfort to the young gallant: "Now, Jim—was that any way to reply to a young lady—especialy one's sister? Yes-yes-I know she teases you too much, and (addressing Ruth) after this kindly let mother and me look after Jimmy. However, no matter what occurs, be a gentleman, Jim. Now, sit down and eat your supper and then, if you have any time left before your appointment, I have something which I want very much to tell you."

The two younger sons who had been quite silent now spoke up. First Terry—"He! he! Jimmy's got a girl. What'd I tell you ma? He did walk home with Isabella Channing tonight. I knew it was them." Then Jean—"Oh, well, he's not the only one. Ruth's got a fellow, too, 'cause I saw her talking to Tim Jones tonight and I know they was a hold of hands."

"Children, will you be quiet, or shall I send you from the table?"

While Ruth and mother were washing the dishes, father and Jimmy were talking very earnestly in the den. When Jimmy started out, Father went to the door with him and gave him a good send off.

When he had been gone about fifteen minutes, Terry announced that here came Isabella and Jimmy and that Jimmy was on the inside. "Why, ma, they are coming in

here, I thought that they were going to the show."

True enough they were coming in, for Jimmy had forgotten his pocketbook. Wasn't that terrible? The whole family had a good laugh and Jimmy was teased considerably in the days to follow.

"Just the same I had a good time, and I'm going to keep on going, so there."

"All's well that ends well."

L. M. N. '21

AN AUTOMOBILE TALE

One "Silent Nite" as the "Moon" was rising, we started on a journey "Overland" in a "Saxon." We headed for "Detroit" and arrived about morning. Mr. "Cadillac" founded this city which is noted for its many "Auto Cars" factories. We ate our breakfast and found out three restaurants that sure furnish "Cunningham" so runny it would melt in your mouth, if hot enough.

We had a snooze and again took to the road. "Hal", the driver, ran the old boat like "Ben Hur" for it sure had a lot of pep and "Vim". That night we put up at a small town and after eats I spent most of the time idly turning the "Paiges" of a book reading the doings of the ancient "Saxons" and the people who lived on the "Jordan".

The next day we went thru the state of Ohio. We got lost in the Pennsylvania "Woods" and had to have a "Pathfinder" to get back on the "National" highway. Many "Fords" had to be crossed and in some "Cases" we had to "Dodge" them. We soon arrived in New York and crossed the "Hudson". In New York harbor several "Cruisers" were sailing in the water. That night we stayed at a hotel on "Jackson" Boulevard.

Before we started the next morning we filled up with "Standard" gas and it made the car "Glide" along like ground lightning. Before we left New York we visited one of the many large parks to see the "White" tomb of General "Grant".

Finally we went southward on our journey and entered much "Oakland" and saw numerous "Jack Rabbits" along the road. At Boston we saw the birthplace of "Franklin". At "Lexington" which is a queer little town and as everyone knows is the place where the "Americans" fought the "Kings"

for "Liberty". Farther southward we passed thru the District of "Columbia", the capital of the U. S. "Republic" of Federal government. At this point we turned and headed directly for home and upon our arrival the people thought we were some "Roamers".

PAT DELIVERS A SPOOL OF THREAD

Say, b'ys, y'u know, I've had more fun to-day th'n I ever had befor' in all m' boru days sence I started drayin'. Y'u know that Mrs. High an' Mighty th't jist moved in up th' street a ways. Waal, she's in th' habit o' goin' into th' store an' gittin' some blam'd li'l thing an' tellin' 'em t' send it out. She went in this mornin' an' got a spool o' thread an' said, "Please send it out, Mr. Wright", real dignified like, y'u know. Waal, it made th' boss mad an' he decided 'e'd send it out different 'n 'e wuz in th' habit o' doin'. So he ups an' calls me an' asts me if I'll deliver it to 'er. I tol' 'im I knowed she'd never come back but he said he didn't want anyone a tradin' at his store any'ow th't couldn't even carry a spool o' thread home. He give me two bucks extry fer doin' th' trick. I tell y'u what I did. I jist took m' big dray an' a couple o' the bigges' hosses, an' went down t' th' store an' got th' thread. I set it right in th' middle o' m' dray so's it'd be's conspicuous 's possible. It wuz rich, b'lieve me. An' them hosses ain't uset t' haulin' spools o' thread aroun' either, an' gittin' their eats jist th' same fer it. Waal, I drives up thar real kinda slow like—so's not t' tire th' hosses, y'u know, an' stops in front o' th' house. I guess th' ol' lady must o' heerd me 'cause I seen 'er come up t' th' front winder an' watch me. O' course, that's jist what she wuz s'posed t' do. Wall, b'ys—haw haw haw—waa, I took m' ol' board an' laid 'er down jist like 's if I wuz goin' t' lug in a pianny 'r sumthin'. 'N'en I lifted th't spool out 's if it weighed a ton an' set 'er down on th' plank. Jist about th't time, she pulled 'er curtains apart so's she c'd git a better view. I jist wisht y'u c'd o' bin there. I rolled th't ar spool all th' way up th't plank, cl'r up t' 'er porch door. 'N'en I opened th' screen an' rolled 'er in. Jist about th't time, she left th' winder an' I seen 'er comin' towards th' door. I'll be hanged, b'ys, if I ever saw any body any madder. An' b'lieve me, she'da

said somethin' if I'd waited an' give 'er a chance, but—waal—y'u know, I thot it wuz time I wuz goin', any'ow so I jist picked up m' plank an' walked leisurely back t' th' wag'n. After I got started I looked aroun' an' she wuz standin' on th' porch lookin' at me an' she kep' a lookin' 'till I wuz out o' sight. Gosh, but I felt relieved w'en I got aroun' th' corner. Say, I hope I ain't a keepin' any o' y'u away from yer work. An' by th' way, I guess I'm s'posed t' take a washin' machine over t' Greenes this afternoon too. Waal, s'long. See y'u later.

NATURE

Oh, you folks who don't like flowers and birds,

Don't you know it's the nicest sport e'er heard

To wander through a woodland green
And talk and laugh with the fairy queen
Who wanders there in the evening.

Oh, I can almost see her there
Or, in fact, most anywhere,
Along a brooklet or a stream
When the sunbeams sparkle and beam
Where Nature's arts are showing.

Scarcely more than a month ago
The woods were heavily laden with snow
And the ice bound streams were still and dry

Until the beaming sun on high
Smiled:—and the stream was singing.

But now, 'tis changed—the snow is gone,
And Mother Earth is bare and brown
And here and there a flower is seen
Anodding to the fairy queen
In the first dusk of evening.

Oh, in the evening in the soft, green spring
Listen to the robin in the apple tree sing
Oh, his song is full of joy and mirth
For he knows full well, what life is worth
And his mate—with him—is singing.

At last, the sun has gone to rest
The robin chirps to his mate in the nest
When purple shadows begin to fall
We feel that God watches over all
This quiet April evening.

—Ada Robinson '21.

"A PSALM"

Miss Knowles is my teacher, I shall not pass. She maketh me to read hard books and exposeth my ignorance before the whole class. She restoreth my sorrow, she causeth me to work hard (experiments) for my grade's sake. Yea, tho I study until midnight, I shall gain no knowledge, for destiny sorely troubles, and classics and English books distress. Thou preparest a test for me Monday. Thou givest me a low grade; my sadness runneth over. Surely sorrow and hard luck shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the English class forever.

I had a little pony,
His name was Cicero,
I lent him to a comrade
To pass an exam or two;
He took this little pony,
And rode him very well,
Until the teacher caught the pony
And gave the pupil—zero.

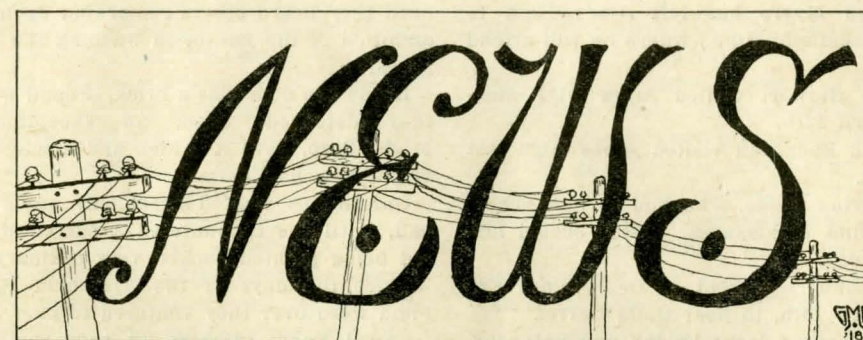
JUNIORS

J—Just watch us graduate. (Ha! Ha!)
U—Us-whom you are always making fun.
N—Never-when we have a perfect lesson.
I—If-Our motto.
O—Order-what we need in our classes.
R—Ready-when there is nothing else to do

A RHYME OF ROMANCE

By a Junior.

Emily Mellor, on a bright fall day
To Ames High slowly made her way.
Under her shining crown of curls
Her eyes, the envy of all the girls,
Gazed on Fred in such a way
That she, his gentle heart did sway.
Now Miss Steve Spence did view this scene
And deliberately planned to do something mean.
"I'll show this old world how to vamp."
And she vamped until she got a cramp.
But she won him at last
And times quickly passed
For her; but not for Emily dear,
Until once more the Spring drew near.
But with the Spring as all good things come
To Emily came the minister's son.



SPRING VACATION

The school board had commiseration enough to release us from our bonds of misery for one week, starting Friday, March 26. Ah, it was bliss.

To begin with, most of the time it was so cold we could raise nothing but collars. Main Street was a thorough-fare for loafing. In fact, at any time, any place, anywhere, could be seen inmates of A. H. S. wandering aimlessly about, with a listless expression on their usually bright faces. They had tried to forget all they had ever known about Magnitude, Caesar, History, etc., and had found the task extremely easy.

How they missed the guiding hand of Steffey. Wilma Rayburn did not preside over Main Street. No where could be found Miss Miller and Mr. Kenny to pass out hints. There were no daily quarrels for the "Hec" girls. How all of the patient souls that attend A. H. S. missed that richly furnished study hall with its upholstered seats, tapestried walls, private drinking fountains, and sweet music, (Fat Thornburg's peaceful slumbering). How the Prep girls must have missed the lower corridor. But from all reports it seems that from that one week, their simultaneously heart breakings proceeded almost as well that week as under the careful surveillance of our "dear teachers."

Who on earth do you suppose Emily (our woman Bluebeard) vamped during said week? She was actually heard to say that she didn't care for Fred anymore. Poor chap, here's hoping he can be reconciled by "Steve."

Of course everyone missed that dashing young prep who perambulates around the

halls in the light blue sweater with the black trimmings, and who is noted for her squeaking shoes.

Summing it all up we missed all the comforts of A. H. S. But all good things have an ending. Monday, April 2nd, we returned to the usual grind. Caesar's past is now a thing of the future weeks.

The preps returned with all their ambition to hold down the lower corridor. The Sophs returned trying to find something exciting, the Juniors with a grim determination to beat the Preps time. The Seniors came back to hold their old place and to put on one of the best class plays A. H. S. has ever had the pleasure of attending.

SPIRIT NEWS

Peg Adams spent spring vacation in Des Moines.

Dorothy Dragoun spent the week of the first of April in Toledo.

Martys Gord of Marshalltown spent the week end with Thelma Houghan.

De Vera Farmer of Des Moines visited Margaret Adams and Marybelle Cure during April 9th, 10th and 11th.

Miss Luella Anderson of Ogden spent the week end with Alice Wilcox and Russell Thompson.

Mildred Gernes was confined to her bed at her home with a severe cold.

Ruth Johnson spent the week end with her parents at Gilbert.

Wednesday, April 14th, the Girl Scouts held a very peppy meeting. Four new girls were taken into the Troop, and the whole Troop divided into two Patrols. During the meeting camping news was read from "The Rally", the Girl Scout paper.

Milfred Myers has left Ames High to go to Lakefield, Minn., where he will attend school.

Harry Stewart visited Ames High Monday, April 12th.

Harold Loughran visited Ames High last Monday.

Catherine Judge, who had to quit school on account of sickness, visited school last Wednesday.

Mrs. Anderson went to Des Moines Friday, April 16th, to hear Galla Currci.

Ruth Walker spent Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th at Napier.

Gwenneth Dallin from Webster City visited with Mildred Jack last week.

The Neachee Campfire girls went for a hike Saturday morning, April 10th. Reports are that they hiked eight miles; they took their breakfast with them but we have been unable to learn just when they ate it.

The Serago Campfire met last Monday evening with Mildred Persons.

Plans for several high school hiking clubs for girls have been made; there will be hikes after school and several picnics, if the girls are interested in them.

APRIL FOOL HEROES

Johnny was one of those abnormally clever boys. In fact he was so clever he was self-centered, and of course, he had very few friends in high school.

His particular friend, however, was Bobby who was of much the same character.

These two boys were always found together, and when I first saw them I was reminded of Ted and Arnold.

Everyone, even the teachers in this particular high school, would have liked to "put one over" on Johnny and Bobby. At last, on April first, they were rewarded.

Our heroes are first found discussing April Fool's day.

"Oh, well," said Johnny, in a supercilious air, "that's only for people who don't know any better than to be led into a trap."

"O course," answered Bobby, "Only this morning I refused sugar altho mother assured me it was sugar, and used it freely herself. That's too old a joke for me."

When they reached the school house, the door looked damp. They decided that was a pretty cheap trick not to label fresh paint

until they heard others remarking upon the ambition of the janitor in washing the door so early.

Inside the door was a brick, around which they detoured. Soon, an exceptionally bright Prep, gave it a kick and disclosed a bright new half dollar!

Our heroes walked sheepishly along the hall, until they encountered a barrel, which not being painted, looked very ordinary.

Since the days of the Armenian Relief Fund were over they ventured to peer in.

"April Fool" literally hit them between the eyes.

They hurried on with burning ears.

Soon a wild-eyed little boy, about the size of Mike Morris came up to "our heroes" with Marybelle Cure's joke.

"Did you hear about that man, who fell from a third story window last night?"

"No!" they exclaimed in unison. "Did it kill him?"

"No, he had his spring suit on!"

(Strange, isn't it?)

Little jokes went on from bad to worse.

Just before noon, our heroes received notices to go to the office. With bated breath they arose and with measured tread proceeded to the office of the Principal, who, by the way, could see a joke as easily as Mr. Steffey. Once inside the door they were greeted with "April Fool!"

Johnny and Bobby did not attend school that afternoon because of severe headaches.

AMES AMATEUR RADIO ASSOCIATION

A new organization has recently been formed in Ames High School. The main purposes of this organization are to help advance the art of radio communication, to eliminate interference by means of cooperation, and to take part in radio relay work. Steps are being taken to get the Association incorporated in the American Radio Relay League.

This club is formed by a live (and lively) bunch of about fifteen wireless enthusiasts, who are all High School students, and who hope for and expect great results in the near future.

At the meeting on the 10th of April which was held at the home of Leonard Stenerson, the Constitution was adopted, and the following officers elected: President, Anson

Marston; Vice-President, Leonard Stenerson; Secretary and Treasurer, Burton Olson. Mr. Kenney will act as advisor. Sidney Davis and Sidney Barger have been appointed to help him. Meetings will be held at 7:30 on Saturday evenings, at the High School.

SOCIETY ITEMS

Mildred Gernes entertained six couples at her home Monday evening, April 6. After everyone had arrived they left for a theatre party at the Princess. After their enjoyment at the theatre the party again took place at the Gernes home. A few indoor games were enjoyed for pastime. The persons present at this party were as follows: Norma Haverly, Roy Bennett, Mildred Gernes, "Red" Smith, Mildred Jack, George Dunlap, Marian Smith, "Burn" Hubbard, Dorothy Dragoun, "Dutch" Griffith, Sis Cole, "Les" O'Brien. As you look at the list you will know there is much talent in this group of people. Some features of the evening were:

1. A solo dance by "Burn."
2. A song by "Dutch."
3. A solo waltz by Marian and George. (They were blindfolded)
4. Piano number by "Les."
5. Music on victrola by Mildred Gernes.
6. Refreshments. (The best thing of the evening)
7. Dancing. (Entire group took part in this)
8. Last of all everybody went home. (You can guess the rest)

Gertrude Murray was given a delightful surprise Saturday, April 10, when a number of her friends came to help her celebrate her birthday. The time was spent in playing games and dancing. At the close of the evening dainty refreshments were served.

The Neachee Campfire enjoyed a hiking party Saturday morning, April 10. They left at 6 o'clock for Sunset Rock and every one reported a very good time.

Six couples enjoyed a picnic at Cole's shack Friday evening, April 9. We weren't able to find out much about it, but we suppose everyone had a good time.

AMES HIGH JOINS COUNTY BASE BALL LEAGUE

The Story County League was first organized last year. Only a few of Story County's schools were represented the first year, but almost every school that can get up a team will be represented this year. Ames is one of the new members.

Nevada and Collins were the leading teams last year, but we hope to have Ames High at the head of the list this season.

During past years, A. H. S. students have lacked base-ball pep, but it has been stirred this year and she is going to show Story County that she can play base-ball.

Coach Thompson has his men in severe training and a strong team will be put on the field: one of which we can be proud of before the season is over.

ONLY A BIRD

Yes, it was nice and warm down there in Florida, but, oh, how my fellow friends and I yearned to go northward. One fine day we bade farewell to our friends and after taking one last dip in "The Fountain of Youth" we flew towards the northland.

I arrived in Ames one Saturday morning. I rested most of the day. Along in the evening about time for the campanile to call out nine o'clock I was feeling pretty gay, so for excitement I started towards the busy business district.

Music caught my attention. Not the soft lonesome lullabys of the southland, but, gay dance music, the kind that makes the old folks want to dance the light fantastic once again. It filled the air, it came from every where, from Jameson's, from Olson's, from the Sheldon-Munn, from everywhere. The windows of the Sheldon-Mun were all wide open, much to my delight, and I quietly flew in and became a volunteer chaperone.

I saw some familiar high school students there. Why sure, and there was Joe, of course, I expected to see him dancing some where. Just as I looked at him again to make sure that I was right, he slipped, caught his balance, then slipped again. If I had not known him last year I might have thought that he had been drinking some red lemonade or something.

Helen was there too, and oh! dear! she dropped some poor helpless flowers from

her dress and there! someone stepped on them. I thought how it must have hurt them, for, you know, all flowers are my friends. I felt so sorry until some one said, "They are artificial."

Well, I mustn't make my story too long and we'll just say that I had a delightful time and I think everyone else did.

Oh! Just a minute. I must tell you that the "long and the short" of the whole evening was my old friend, the dandy little "francaise teacher" was there with her six foot man.

There's lots more I could tell you but I must hurry and hunt feathers for my nest that I am building in the "old apple tree" in the school yard and if you'll come to see me there I'll tell you some interesting secrets that only a bird knows about interesting people. —G. E. J.

Lives of editors remind us
That their work is not sublime;
They have to toil both day and nite
To get the paper out on time.

SOPHOMORES

S—Soft—That's us.
O—Old in reality—very young in mind.
P—Politics—Oh! We're past that.
H—Hard Boiled—You tell 'em.
M—Mamma—wipe my nose.
O—Over-worked—Yes, ask Max.
R—Rest—We need it.
E—Entertainment—Lyle H. gives too much
S—Sophomores you bet!

We hear that Ted K. and Arnold L. have tried for places on Miss Foskette's champion Volley Ball team.

Orpheus, of old, could make a tree or a stone move with his music: but there are piano players today that have made whole families move.

The Juniors were called out of Civics class to get their pictures taken. We Seniors were very intent on going out too. Miss Jones said: "I don't think the rest of us have any interest in the Junior class."

"Fat" Thornburg: "Yes, I have." Right you are, Thornburg.

THE BIRTH OF NIGHT

Silent,
Still, breathless, the earth watches,
The death of day;
Watches it pass with a flushed western sky
Slowly, reluctantly it lingers
With a glow of rose,
Then fading,
Dies.
The earth in purple mist,
And dark in shadow mourns.
The trees, mere fantom shapes,
Indistinct and blurred, in silence
Wait.
The reed grown pool is last to show
On its mirror breast
The after-glow of the sinking sun;
And first to sing of the birth of night,
For the shadow ghost of the rising moon,
A silver disk,
Like a fairy ship, is seen upon the pool.
It rises,
Brightens, beams with light and bathes
The earth in milky haze;
While the star jewels float in the azure
deep.
A breath of wind in the upper boughs
A night bird's call,
A moon bathed dell,
A star decked, reed grown pool,
With these another world is made
A world of fancies, fairy-like,
Beautiful,
Enchanted
Night.

1st Prep girl—What date is tomorrow?

2nd Prep girl—Pecky's.

"Talking of hens," remarked the American visitor, "reminds me of the old hen my Dad once had. She would hatch out anything from a tennis ball to a lemon. Why, one day she sat on a piece of ice and hatched out two quarts of hot water."

"That doesn't come up to a club-footed hen my mother once had," remarked the Irishman. "They had been feeding her by mistake on sawdust instead of oatmeal. Well, sir, she laid twelve eggs and sat on them, and when they hatched eleven of the chickens had wooden legs and the twelfth was a woodpecker!"

STUDENT OPINION

STUDENT OPINION

Snobbishness in A. H. S.

Have you ever thought how snobbish the pupils of A. H. S. are? Every one has a few friends and does not care to become friends with anyone else. There are a number of new pupils from other towns lately come to this high school, and very few of them have become acquainted. The boys and girls meet them and say "Hello" or maybe don't speak at all. Just think how lonesome these people must be and they write to their old home town and say, "I don't like A. H. S. Everyone is so snobbish and one cannot get acquainted." Do we want A. H. S. to have this kind of a reputation? Of course, we don't. Then try to be a little more sociable and have fewer cliques.

"I HAVE SUBSCRIBED TO THE ANNUAL, HAVE YOU?"

You no doubt have seen and heard that slogan quite often this week. How do you answer—I have, I'm going to if I get the money, or I am not going to subscribe?

The Annual this year needs the support of every regular "Spirit" subscriber, every member in High School, and even anyone interested in the school, whether parents, alumni or others, to make it a success.

The Annual Staff have worked hard and are working hard to produce an edition that is up to the standard set by other years or other schools, and they are going to "deliver the goods."

The price this year is one dollar to regular "Spirit" subscribers and one twenty-five or non-subscribers. This distinction has been made in former years and holds this year as well. The price is lightly higher this year but what hasn't gone up in price except "Gold Dust?"

It wouldn't be fair to tell all of the contents of the Annual but there will be all

kinds of pictures, class pictures, organization pictures, football and basket ball pictures, and snapshots for instance. Then there will be jokes, a large literary department and lots of other good things. Your money is going to buy a whole lot of "treats" in the Annual.

The subscription campaign is handled this year by the School Affairs Committee. The member of the committee from each class that gets the most subscribers gets his Annual free, so if you have any favorites talk Annual for them and tell people outside of the High School to subscribe from your friend, and subscribe yourself.

STUDENT OPINION

Ames High lacks activities to which every student can take part. The only times in the year that any of the students all get together to enjoy a social evening are our class parties, which are few and far between.

I wonder how many students in A. H. S. know many other students personally except those in "their bunch"? Very few.

Mixers would help solve the clique system in A. H. S. (For it has gotten to be merely a system.)

Why not an All High Mixer every six weeks and perhaps a dance or two for a change?

We are becoming noted as a high school that is hard to become acquainted with. So let's get acquainted with a lot of others besides those in "our bunch."
Nuf sed!

Pupil—(translating Latin) He dropped his gun and fled in all directions.

Norma H. (in history): "Grant wrote a book on himself and got half a million for it and a cancer on his tongue."

THANKS FOR YOUR COOPERATION

As this is the last edition of the "Spirit" for the year 1919-1920 excluding the Senior Annual, the Spirit staff wishes to take this final opportunity to express its appreciation to the student body. Financial and literary co-operation has been unusually successful this year, which, as a rule, enlightened our responsibility and work. Various students have responded to write stories, poetry, student opinions, articles, etc., both in the contests carried on by the Contest Editor and for English credit. However, we know that you were interested in the success of the high school paper more than for the reward which was offered. We did our best to print all worth-while material that you handed in and if for some reason your article was not printed, it was because it was too personal or lacked interest to the readers. Rarely, it was not printed because the paper was full already. We have done our best to make our paper a success as we know you have done. Financially, the "Spirit" has come out on top, so far this year with our Annual yet to go to press.

We make but one more appeal to you. Short-stories, jokes, and poetry are needed by the bookful for our Annual. We want your talent. Get an inspiration. Who is the guilty student who will not contribute to the Annual? Place your material in the hands of any member of the staff and it will have a reserved seat in the Annual. Do that tomorrow and we will thank you again.

A HINT TO THE TEACHERS

There are some teachers in A. H. S. who do not practice what they preach. We are always being talked to about thrift, but we would like to know how we can be thrifty when the teachers won't let us.

Because of the recent paper shortage, and the rather high cost of good paper, we are told to be very careful and save on paper. But we wish to know how we can save paper when the teachers insist on our using but one side of the sheet, so wasting a full page; when they insist on us using whole sheets whether there are two full pages or only two or three short lines and the rest of the large sheet wasted.

Teachers also have the very bad habit

of wanting everything so very neat that many sheets are wasted in re-copying.

Not only in thrift do teachers fail to follow their own teachings, but in other things as well. Teachers, especially English teachers, are fond of handing back papers marked "Very poor penmanship." We would like to suggest that it would be of very great assistance to the students, if the teachers would form a class of penmanship. Very often we feel greatly in need of assistance for the translation of the various hieroglyphics used by those in the teaching profession.

Norman C.: "Let's you and I try out for the bride and groom in the class play."

Lorena C.: "No, let's leave that to Norma and Roy."

Earl E. says that his new history seat is so small he has to stand up to change his mind.

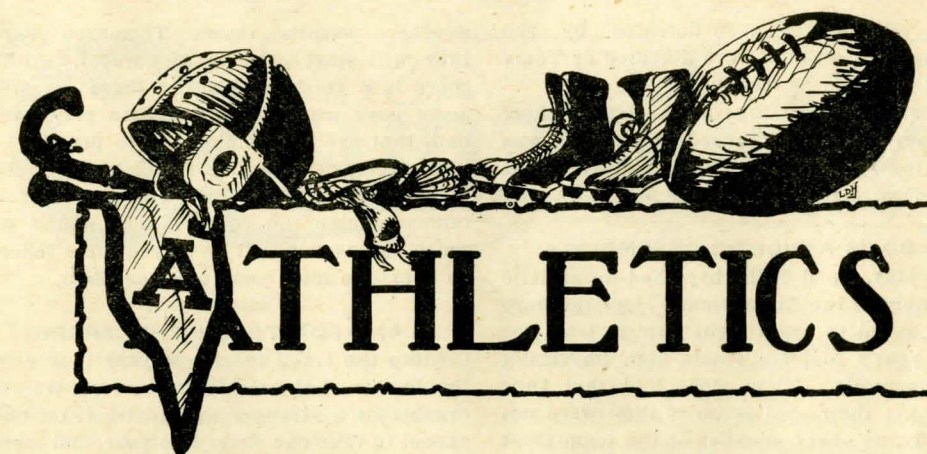
The business Arithmetic teacher received this note: "Dear Madam: Please excuse Albert today. He won't come to school because he is acting as time-keeper for his father, and it is your fault. U gave him a ixample if a field is 6 miles around, how long will it take a man walking $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour to walk $2\frac{1}{4}$ times around it? Albert ain't a man, so we had to send his father. They went early this morning and father wil walk around the field and Albert will time him, but please don't give my boy such ixamples agin, because my husban' must go to work every day to support his family.

The tramp slouched up to the old lady's house and saw her watching him from a window—a benevolent looking old lady with silver hair. So he went on all fours and began to eat the grass on the old lady's lawn. As the tramp expected, the old lady came to the door.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked.

"Because I'm famished," he replied.

"My poor man," cried the benevolent lady "do pray go around the lawn at the back of the house. The grass is so much longer." And she shut the door.



A SUCCESSFUL SEASON TO LOOK BACK TO

Ames Hi during the years 1919 and 1920 turned out the most successful basket ball team in her history, being beaten by only two teams, Boone and La Verne. The first defeated us twice, once on our home floor, and again on the Boone floor, but taking into consideration that the Boon quintet won the state honors, and won several games in the Chicago tourney, and the fact that Ames team held them to a small margin of point over ours, and Ames played two games the day that Lu Verne defeated them at the state tournament the team did exceptionally well.

The team defeated Ogden on our home floor after having had a week of uneven practice but the boys had an easy one to start with so they did their duty there, winning by a score off 55-11.

Then the Story City quintet were whipped to the tune of 35-9 on the home floor. Then came Nevada for their annual thrashing at the hands of the Ames five. Nevada played a fast rough game, as did the Ames team. Nevada had the advantage, playing on their home floor, but the Ames quintet came through with a victory of 30-17.

After playing a hard game Friday at Nevada the team came home and defeated the Jefferson team on Saturday. Although Jefferson's team was inferior to Nevada they succeeded in holding Ames to a victory of 24-14 or 3 points less than Nevada's defeat. Then after a day's rest a return game was played with Story City at Story. Here a

good number of second team men got to play. Story was defeated 29-9.

Boone was next. Both teams were confident of victory, both determined to be victorious, but the Ames forwards lost their horseshoe and the Boone forwards topped the ball almost at will from the center of the field. This game was played on the home floor and before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a game in the A. H. S. gym. The final score was 15-20.

The next Thursday, the team defeated Indianola at Indianola 22-12. Defeated Perry Friday, 22-21, then defeated Valley Junction score 34-15. The next Tuesday the return game with Boone was played at Boone.

The Boone team was much stronger than the first time they played with us, and the Ames five were all tired out having played three games in five days, and Scovel layed up, but Gore who took his place played a fast game, and made our only two field goals while Hoon, and Corneliussen made our free throws. Then Churdan received defeat from Ames by a score of 18-12.

Nevada came back for a second defeat February 29, on the college floor; the game was played as an eye-opener to the Ames-Simpson game, and the score at the end was 28-27. The Nevada team had improved greatly since their first defeat, and were up until the last five minutes leading by six points, then the Ames team didn't see any use for defeat so they ran the score up seven points and held it there.

The first squad then went to Iowa Falls where they were defeated by Lime Springs

16-24. While they were defeated by the Springs the seconds were defeated at Tama and the thirds at Kelley.

Ames trimmed Osage at the High School Tourney 20-19, then turned around and was defeated by Lu Verne 16-20. Both of these games were fast and rough.

BOY'S ATHLETIC ASSEMBLY

Tuesday, April 6, the boys had an athletic assembly in the Auditorium. Here the boys were asked to begin right now to train for next year's foot-ball team—both physically and mentally. They were told that they must get their studies up if they were not already, as every member of the team must have passed in three subjects this semester before he would be eligible to play in any of the games.

Superintendent Bodwell told the boys of the stand which the school takes on cigarette smoking and asked them to refrain from it, if not for their own sake, out of respect for the other students. He also told them that they would have little or no chance to make the squad next fall if they still used cigarettes.

Mr. Bodwell said that every boy should come out for base-ball and track even tho he thought that there was no chance for him to make the team, as this year's practice will help next year. Mr. Steffey urged them to talk with their advisors and see what they were failing in and find out how to remedy the cause. Coach Thompson vouched for everything that the others had said and said he would like to see a large group of boys out to all practices for both track and base-ball. He went on to say that "every boy who is up in three studies and is willing to abide by the rules of training set down for the squad to follow is eligible for either or both activities, but if a boy is especially fitted for track he will be asked to leave base-ball alone."

BASEBALL TEAM FOR AMES HIGH

Ames Hi for the first time in years will have a base-ball team. There are a good number of boys out for practice every evening, so it is expected that they will show up well during the season. On account of the weather, there has been no batting practice, only base running, but as soon as the

weather permits Coach Thompson says they will start practice in earnest. Altho there is a good number out there are still some boys who can and like to play base ball, that are not coming out to practice.

The team will confine their playing mostly to county teams but will play a few teams outside the county. The games as much as possible will be played after school so everyone may come and see them.

PLANS FOR TRACK THIS SPRING

Altho the track team last year took very few honors at the meets we entered, we are organizing a stronger and faster team and expect to take our share this year, and more too if we can, to make up for last year.

We are going to enter in a good number of invitational meets so that more boys are needed than have been training regularly. Coach Thompson urges every boy in Ames High to come out for track and see what he can do. Practice is now being carried on at the College Gymnasium where equipment can be secured.

EVERYBODY OUT FOR TRACK AND BASEBALL! !

Miss Kelley in history: "Who is the king of England, Mildred?"

"George is his first name," came the answer. "His last name isn't in the book, but it begins with a V."

Electrocuted

Ida: "Did you hear of the bad accident that occurred at the City Bakery this morning?"

Frank: "No, What was it?"

Ida: "Barbara picked up a bun and the currant ran up her arm."

"Dinah," inquired the mistress suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am," said Dinah, "Wot's de use ob washin' de fish dat's lived all his life in de watah?"

Norman C. was visibly affected in French IV class when Miss Miller told him in French that when he graduated she would shed "beaucoup" tears.

Organizations

SNOW-WHITE

Friday, April 9, the chorus-class gave the cantata, "Little Snow-White". The soloists were Irene Dewey, taking the part of Snow-White, Mildred Persons, the wicked queen, and Helen Rodgers, the mirror. Marjorie Beam told the story in verse between each musical number.

Altho Irene has red hair, and Mildred looked anything but wicked, they certainly did their parts well. All the "little kiddies" eagerly watched for the chorus to stop so "that pretty girl" would speak again. The chorus has certainly showed us that they are a peppy bunch with a peppy leader.

The people followed that time saving slogan "eat while you listen" as they enjoyed the pop-corn sold by the Girl Scouts before and after the entertainment.

The Cantata was quite a success financially as well. \$114.00 dollars were taken in. We certainly have a splendid chorus this year and we are all looking forward to the Operetta that they plan to present in the near future.

IBSEN PRODUCTIONS

"The Master Builder" and "Hedda Gabler"

Ames High School was especially favored with some real high class acting Monday, April 12, when two of Ibsen's plays, "The Master Builder" and "Hedda Gabler" were presented by Madame Borgny Hammer and her company. It is seldom that the people in a town the size of Ames have an opportunity to see anything as fine as this, especially at such a low price.

"The Master Builder" was given in the afternoon and the students were excused from classes, with the exception of those who played "hookie" on March 26, that they might see this production.

According to an old custom, the Master Builder should climb to the top of the new

tower and hang a wreath. Halvard Solness, a great architect, was afraid of the younger generation. He had determined to keep his place in spite of them. To accomplish this end, he refuses to recognize the plans of Brovik, a younger architect. Thru the burning of his home and the death of his two sons, his domestic happiness has been ruined. Now he is building a new home with a tower on it. Madame Borgny Hammer, representing youth, comes and insists that he, the Master Builder, climb to the top and place the wreath. Because of his age, he gets dizzy and falls to the ground and is killed, at last having had to give way to youth.

Hedda Gabler, which was played in the evening, was fine. Hedda and Mr. Tesman had just returned from their honeymoon when Aunt Julia comes to visit her boy. "Can you fancy that, Hedda? Eh?" as Mr. Tesman receives his good old slippers. Hedda wrecks the life of two lovers and Aunt Julia by her remarks and unladylike actions. She is the one who gives the pistol to Eilert Lovberg and tells him "to make it a beautiful ending." A very wonderful manuscript is lost by Elvsted and found by Mr. Tesman, who gives it to Hedda. She immediately burns it. In order to have something left to the deceased, his young lady lover, finds her notes that she took and she, with Mr. Tesman plan to rewrite the book. These two were boy and girl chums, and seeing them working together so happily, Hedda shoots herself. Consternation reigns and Tesman, dropping to his knees by her side says, "Can you fancy that?"

The plays were given under the auspices of the Ames High School Public Speaking Department. Students in these departments with the aid of Mr. Steffey and Miss Hiller took charge of the advertising, ushering, ticket selling and made themselves useful in

other ways. Sad to say, the expenses amounted to \$620.14, while the total receipts were \$584.88, leaving a deficit of \$35.26.

The acting was splendid and the plays so well given that the school is well satisfied in spite of this deficit.

Tri L

April the eighth, the Tri L Musical entertainers appeared in the High School Auditorium. The company consisted of Mary Marie Leppert, contralto; Charles Emmot Leppert, baritone, and Lora Paige Leaming, violinist, who, because of recent death in her family could not appear. Assisting in the concert were Mr. Orth, violinist, and Margaret Lorraine Brown, accompanist, reader and whistler.

The program held the interest of the audience which was rather small. In the intermission Charmion Dox played two piano numbers and delighted the audience with her own composition "Quacky Doodle."

EXCHANGE

In this last edition of the "Spirit" we feel we should give a final review of the various papers which we have received during this school year. They have been of great benefit to us and we have appreciated their comments and excellent material.

The "Pebbles", edited by the pupils of Marshalltown High School, is one of the papers of high literary spirit and general good construction. High school papers over the state can certainly use it as a model to good advantage. We like their style of magazine and their art editor is to be congratulated for the good plates.

The "Bumble B", of Boone High School, our neighbor and rival, is a paper of almost equal rank with "Pebbles." The two magazines are quite similar in many ways. Both are good models. The art editor of this paper also should be congratulated upon her excellent work. It shows the hand of a true artist.

The "Ah La Ha Sa," published by the Albert Lea, Minnesota, High School, is another paper from which we have gained knowledge. They have put out a very consistently newsy paper this year and we Iowans appreciate their good work.

The "Spectator" of Waterloo is a most

excellent publication. The magazine is certainly of excellent material and we hope to continue our exchange with them next year.

The "F. H. S. Vacuum" of Fairfield is one of the finest, if not the best, newspaper we receive. They put out a four to eight page paper every week or so, and they're not a large city either. Fairfield, you are to be congratulated for putting out one of the snappiest, most lively papers there are. Your jokes are most excellent. Nothing dry about the paper at all.

The "Echo" of Lu Verne, Minnesota, is a very artistic paper. They publish a worthy news sheet and we wish to make our exchange with them permanently.

The "Torch", Daylestown, Pennsylvania, is another eastern paper with whom we enjoy to exchange. The "Torch" is a paper hard to equal and is an all around excellent publication.

The "High School Life", Devil's Lake, North Dakota. Although we have but lately made its acquaintance, is a most worthy paper. It has lively jokes, good literary material, and we hope it will continue to keep its standard. We wish you success, D. L. H. S., in your future work.

The "Habit", Charles City, is a paper that we have lately received and consider a great merit. They have an artistic paper and their advertising sections are to be considered for their neatness and artistic placing. The material in the paper is very worthy of reading.

We have commented above on a few of the papers we have received. We have many others of equal merit, all of which we hope to exchange with next fall. All with whom we have exchanged this year, be sure to come back strong next fall, for we shall feel honored to exchange with you in the future.

Soph—Do you know my brother?

Junior—Sure, we sleep in the same Caesar class.

How Johnny recited his piece at school:

Liza Grape men ally mindus

Weaken make Liza Bhine:

Andy Parting Lee B. Hindus

Footbrin Johnny Sands a time. —Ex.



TICKLERS

"Yes," said first Prep, "I want to do my bit, of course, so I thot I'd raise some potatoes."

"Well, I thot I would do that," said second Prep, "but when I looked up the way to do it, I found that potatoes have to be planted in hills, and our yard is perfectly flat."

"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked the American history teacher.

"To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same", was the reply.

Norma H. says she is going to resign from the Corridor Club as she gets too much publicity.

"How kind of you," said a Senior girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," said this Senior boy, in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."

He—Will you be my partner—

She—Oh, this is so sudden. Give me a little time—

He—(continuing) For the next dance?

She—(continuing) To catch my breath. I haven't yet recovered from the last dance yet.

How would you like to be principal? ? ?

"Dear Mr. Steffey: Please excuse Katherine for being absent as she fell into a mud puddle. By doing same you will oblige,

Mrs.

Pecky P.—Why is the water in the Niagara Falls green?

Sid A.—Too deep for me.

Pecky P.—Just came over!

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, can you name a cape in Alaska?"

Johnny: "No'm."

Teacher: "That's right! Cape Nome. Good for you! Next."

Spellbound

"Spell your name!" said the court clerk. The witness began, "O double T, I, double U, E double LL, double U, double O—"

"Wait!" ordered the clerk; "Begin again"

The witness replied: "O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O—"

"Your honor", roared the clerk, "I beg that this man be committed for contempt of court."

"What's your name?" asked the judge.

"My name, yer honor, is Ottiwell Wood, and I spell it O, double T, I, double U, E, double L, double U, double O, D."

Guzinta

A member of the School Board trying to be pleasant to a small boy: "What are you studying, my boy?"

"Arithmetic and geography," answered the boy.

"And what are you learning in Arithmetic?"

The boy thot for a minute and then replied: "Guzinta."

"Guzinta?" said the surprised official. "What's that?"

"Why, don't you know?" said the boy. "Two guzinta four, three guzinta six, four guzinta eight, five guzinta ten."

CHRIS SORENSON

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, POULTRY

Fish and Oysters in Season

DELIVERY SERVICE

8:00 a. m. to College

9:00 a. m. North Side

2:30 p. m. South Side and College

PHONE 296

AMES, IOWA

Jack Barrymore, the actor, was in a group who were cracking conundrums, when he asked: "Now, fellows, you seem very clever at such things. So tell me the difference between a mosquito and an elephant?"

"The difference?" asked one.

"Yes," answered Barrymore.

They all gave up, when the actor walking away said, "Their shape."

He—How do you like my mustache?

She—Just between you and me, I like it.

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The home of first-class barbers

We solicit your trade sure of satisfying you

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KODOKS and PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIES

Up-to-date toilet articles, stationery
of latest style

BOSWORTH DRUG CO.
134 MAIN ST.

Advertisements are funny things some times, for instance:

"A respectable (?) young prep wants washing."

"I want an overseer who can take care of 5,000 sheep who can speak French fluently."

"Wanted: A girl who can cook. One that will make a good stew."

"I will sell a fiddle of old wood that I made out of my head and have wood left enough for another."

SUBSCRIBE TO THE ANNUAL

350 subscriptions must be secured if the
Annual is to pay out. WILL WE FAIL?

Price: \$1.10 to Regular Subscribers

\$1.35 to Non-subscribers

Laugh! Laugh! Laugh!

"And Home Came Ted"

"Old Mistah Skeet got bit by a bee,
Bee turned around and bited a flea,
Flea bit a gnat, gnat bit a jigger,
Then the whole menagerie done bit a nigger."

This is a high class play. "It has to be high, it takes place on a high mountain." Characters from all parts of the world, the vamp from Hawaii, the cook from South Africa, the sekketery from New York, a Senator from Washington, his daughter from boarding-school, the old maid from—nobody knows where, but she is forty-five and desperate. The hero is such a mystery that you will have to find out for yourself from whence he came.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

MAY 7 and 8

ADMISSION: 50c plus war tax

Seats on sale Monday, May 3rd, at Judischs'

All seats reserved

A STORE OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

You'll like the friendly atmosphere of this store, the painstaking care in fitting, the gentlemanly salespeople and the pleasant surroundings.

AMES BOOTERY

An Ames street car reminds us of a dress suit; so little room in either.

Shorty Mattox: "I wonder how much money there is in the world."

Miss Kelley: "Try to borrow a dollar and you'll find out."

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge sternly, "will be expelled from the court room and ordered home."

"Hurrah!" cried the prisoner.

"C—" whispered the alarmed wife poking her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Wake up C—, there are burglars in the pantry, and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care M—?" mumbled C—. "So long as they don't die in the house."

Myrl Garretson in American Lit.—When we get to "dust" we come down to the ground pretty quick.

Great Men are Saying:

That we are too extravagant. We can help you to be less so by resoling your old shoes.

A-1 WORK

ROUP'S SHOE SHOP

Agnes Noble—Edgar Allen Poe was abducted to drink.

Mary Reed—He was an extinguished author.

Mary Wasser (In Sunday school)—They drove the parasites out of Egypt.

Father—Doesn't that young fellow know how to say good night?

Daughter—Um-m-m-m, daddy, you bet he does.

Though they had never met be-4

What cause had she 2-care?

She loved him 10-derly—

He was a 1,000,000-aire.

Pat—(to Mike who is shaving on the back porch) Say, how comes it that you are shaving on the outside?

Mike—Gwan, do ye's think om fur-lined?
—Exchange.

MOTHER'S DAY ISN'T FAR AWAY

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